ON THE LATE INVENTION OF THE NEW LIGHTS.

——*Velut inter Ignes*
Luna minores. Hor.

IN dogrel Rhimes we ſeldom uſe
To ſtay for any God or Muſe:
But in ſo nice a caſe as this,
I think it cannot do amiſs:
For all the Link-boys round the Town,
Have ſwore, I hear, to run 'em down:
The men of Tallow, Wieck, and Cotten,
The Tin-men too, the Cry have gotten.
Whom, let me ſee, ſhall we retain?
PHÆBUS, for once, ſhall be the Man:
Great God of LIGHTS! we Thee invoke,
If not by t'other Side beſpoke;
The Stars above, to Men below,
But like your Farthing-Candles ſhow:
Whilſt Thou with Glorious Luſtre crown'd,
Do'ſt hang like one of Six i'th' Pound:
Thou, who'rt *All-Eye*, caſt half an one,
Down on this NEW INVENTION:
'Tis New indeed to us below,
But known in Heaven long ago.
The Stars in juſt ſuch Chryſtal Spheres,
Have burnt above Five Thouſand Years;
They fear no Storms by Day or Night,
But thus hang Wind and Weather tight;
And ſo they'l hang till Day of Doom,
By that time they'l their Oyl conſume:
And then their Glaſſes breaking round us,
In Flames they'l fall, and ſo confound us.
Nay, we can prove the *Milky-Way*,
(For all Sir *Sydrophil* can ſay)
Is but a Street of ſome ſuch Lights,
To guide the Heav'nly Folks a-nights.
The Council-Chamber up above,
Is hung with ſuch; and *Jove's* Alcove.
The Sacred *Ram* can't furniſh Horn,
For all the Lights that there are ſhown:
Horners they've none, and I dare ſwear,
There's ne're a *Tallow-Chandler* there.
Prometheus once (that Son of Fame)
Upon a Viſit hither came;
And lik'd the thing ſo wondrous well,
He ſtraight upon the Tryal fell: But

But whether (as ſome Authors ſay)
The *Tallow-Chandlers* ſhew'd foul play,
Or Link-boys us'd to break his Glaſſes,
(For variouſly the Story paſſes)
The Project fail'd, and he run mad,
Such Luck the *Virtuoſo* had,
That's all the Bird, the Poets ſay
Lies gnawing of him Night and Day.
May more propitious Fates attend
Our preſent Art-improving Friend!
Were this Deſign but underſtood,
'Twould be of Univerſal good;
The Stars they might to ſleep a-nights,
And leave their work to theſe NEW LIGHTS.
The Midwife-Moon might mind her Calling,
And noiſy Light-man leave his bawling:
Men may pull in their Horns, and be
From *Officers* and *Summons* free.
Nay with ſuch potent influence
Their ſtreaming Rays they do diſpence,
That if the Sun ſhou'd lie too long,
Here he might have his Buſineſs done:
He might indulge in *Thetis* Lap,
And while theſe burn, take t'other Nap.
Oh! had you been the other Night
In *Cheap-ſide* at the amazing Sight,
Where with their Sawcer-eyes they hung,
And gather'd the admiring Throng;
The Scatt'ring Light gilt all the gaudy way,
Some People roſe, and thought it day.
The plying Punks crept into holes,
Who walk'd the Streets before by ſholes;
The Night cou'd now no longer skreen
The Tavern-Sots from being ſeen.
The Light-men, they, began to rally,
Who bluſh'd, and ſneak'd down *Grocers-Alley*.
The Tempeſt you have ſeen, no doubt;
Juſt ſo the Candles all went out,
Thoſe ſilly Tools no more cou'd burn
Than Kitchin-Fires before the Sun.
The Quaker with up-lifted hands,
By *Yea* and *Nay* the Rogue commends;
Of all their boaſted LIGHTS, he ſaid,
Theſe never enter'd once their head.
When we compare our Times with thoſe are paſt,
We cry, This Age of greater LIGHT can boaſt;
I'll ſay ſo too, if this INVENTION hit,
Elſe ſwear, Our Age wants Wit as well as Light.

Licenſed and Entred according to Order.

LONDON: Printed by *R. Roberts*, for *William Rogers*, at the *Sun* over-againſt St. *Dunſtan's* Church in *Fleetſtreet*. MDCXCI.

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